



EVENING BULLETIN.



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

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Haunted by Fairies.

"It is surprising," said Police Supt. Campbell, of Brooklyn, "how many men there are in active life who, while successful in their own business, and apparently sound in general, have some vagary which, when uppermost in their conversation, raises a serious doubt about their mental condition. I have a number of such visitors, and I have been in the habit of sending them to the Commissioners of Charities, but recently they sent me word that if they should undertake to care for cranks it would take an asylum ten times as big as they have got. An intelligent man of polite address called upon me some months ago, and said that he had a complaint to make which he had put off speaking about as long as possible, but he was annoyed almost to death, and wanted police help. 'State your case,' I said. 'Well, there is an extension to my house, and the roof is just off my sleeping room. Now, every night a big crowd of fairies congregates there, and make every sort of mischief.'"

"What?" said I.

"Fairies," he said; "fairies."

"Oh," I said, "I never saw one." He seemed surprised, and when I asked him to describe them he said they were little people of both sexes, about two or three feet tall, dressed in fantastic costumes and with funny faces.

"What do they do?" I asked.

"Oh, they chatter and dance and play, and run to the window and make faces at me, and run away again. They keep it up all the night and I can't get any sleep, and I'm not going to stand it any longer. It's been going on now for months, and it is injuring my health. Seeing that the man was in earnest, and that the best way to take him was the most serious way, I said: 'This is an outrage, and must be stopped. That's what I'm here for, and the fairies must get out or I will, depend on that. Now, I'll investigate this matter, and you won't be troubled again. You go to bed to-night and go to sleep, and you'll hear no more of the fairies.' Three months passed, and the man and his story had almost passed out of my mind, when one day he came into my office, saying, 'Here I am again!'

"What's the matter now?" I asked.

"Fairies," said he, "the same old fairies."

"Why," I said, "I thought we had broken up that gang of fairies."

"Well," he said, "after you drove them off, I didn't see or hear anything more of them until last night, when they came back again. Now I must ask you to attend to them again."

"I promised him that I would, and he went away thanking me, and as I haven't heard from him since I suppose that I have banished the spirits as successfully as before."

"A few days ago a gentleman who is well known in business in New York, and lives in the vicinity of the Heights, called upon me and complained that he was intensely annoyed by boys following him about, crying 'Cat! cat! cat!' Every morning as he passed from his house to the ferry, he was pursued by boys uttering these cries; that they followed him on the ferry-boat with their noises and to his place of business. He only escaped them when he went inside to work. When he came out at noon they began to annoy him again with the cries, and as soon as he stepped out from the restaurant where he took his lunch, the cry of 'Cat! cat! cat!' rang in his ears. He could not get in a stage, or cross the street, or step out of doors but that the cries of 'Cat! cat! cat!' would reach his ears."

"Why do you suppose that von are

so annoyed?" I asked. "Oh," he said, "I suppose it is because I believe in feeding all the cats that come to my place, and whenever I see a cat I want to feed it. I suppose when a cat's hungry I've got to feed it, haven't I?"

"Certainly," I said, "but can you describe those who annoy you?"

"Now that's the worst of it," he said. "I have never seen them. Pshaw! if I could see them I wouldn't ask help of anybody. I would redress my wrongs myself. But these cries seem to come from invisible persons, right out of the air."

"I called in the captain of the police precinct where my visitor lived, told him the story, and gave him instructions to put a stop to this outrage, and that is the last I heard of the man haunted with the cries of 'Cat! cat! cat!'" — N. Y. Sun.

King Henry's Arm and Edward's Barleycorn.

There is little difficulty now about fixing the standard, but in early times, when science had not attained its present exactness, there were constant bickerings and wrangles. Perhaps the first successful attempt to obtain uniformity was achieved by Henry I., who settled the matter by a decision curiously arbitrary and final. The yard was to be the standard of every measure, and the length of the yard was not a matter of feet or inches but was laid down once for all as the length of the King's arm. The decision was apparently simple, and intended to be final. The King often settled in person matters of dispute between his subjects, and in differences as to questions of measurement there could always be a ready reference to the royal arm. Somehow it did not seem to occur to Henry I. that one of his arms might be longer than another, or that if he practiced archery or otherwise developed the muscles of his upper limbs the standard might be fluctuating. Moreover, it did not at all follow that his son would have an equally long arm, and, if the heir to the throne were a princess, elements of great confusion were introduced in what was intended to be final.

In Edward II.'s time a new criterion was hit upon. The standard was settled by statute which ordained that "three barleycorns sound and dry should make an inch." As compared with measurement by the royal arm this standard was almost democratic in its suggestion, but the barleycorn showed unmistakably the predominance of the agricultural interest. The inch being thus ascertained, it was easy to construct from that datum the foot, yard, perch, and even the acre. The barleycorn, indeed, figures constantly in attempts to arrive at the methods of computation. The object, however, seems to have been to get a standard that was accessible rather than one that was invariable. The authorities realized that seeds plucked from the full ear were more popular as a reference than the proportions of the royal arm. What was done with the inch had already been done with the ounce. The consent of the whole realm was obtained to the proposal put forward in the fifty-first year of Henry III., that twenty pennies should make an ounce, and that one penny should weigh thirty-two wheat-corns taken from the midst of the ear of corn. And so matters stood for many years. — London Globe.

A Vermont Justice of the Peace fined everybody in the room two dollars each because a dog fight interrupted proceedings.